how long he'd been waiting for one. I told him he should go shopping, then he could get Caspar to buy him whatever he wanted. I knew he'd rather wait. They also serve, who do.

At the end of every walk he'd tell me how unhappy he was. Outside the people in the cars were too sexual. They stared at him because he was in his pajamas. Inside they pushed him around. He was so quiet and so small. I'd seen him approach strangers without even looking to see who they were. He'd march out of the House and ask the first people he met for a hand-out. He'd get it too. I wouldn't agree. I'd say he was quiet but no push-over. Then I'd give him a few cigarettes. That was what he wanted.

He remembered. Then forget it, I said.

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Last summer Velvet would call my name when she saw me coming up the walk at night. I'd be on the porch and hear her disembodied voice in the dark. She sat on the second floor balcony of the House. Frederick (not Fred) or Gabriel would join her. Michael would sit by himself on the tiny third floor balcony. In the morning both yards would be littered with dented Coke cans.

None of the bedrooms was air-conditioned. Sam's "Health and Safety" committee insisted that all the windows be